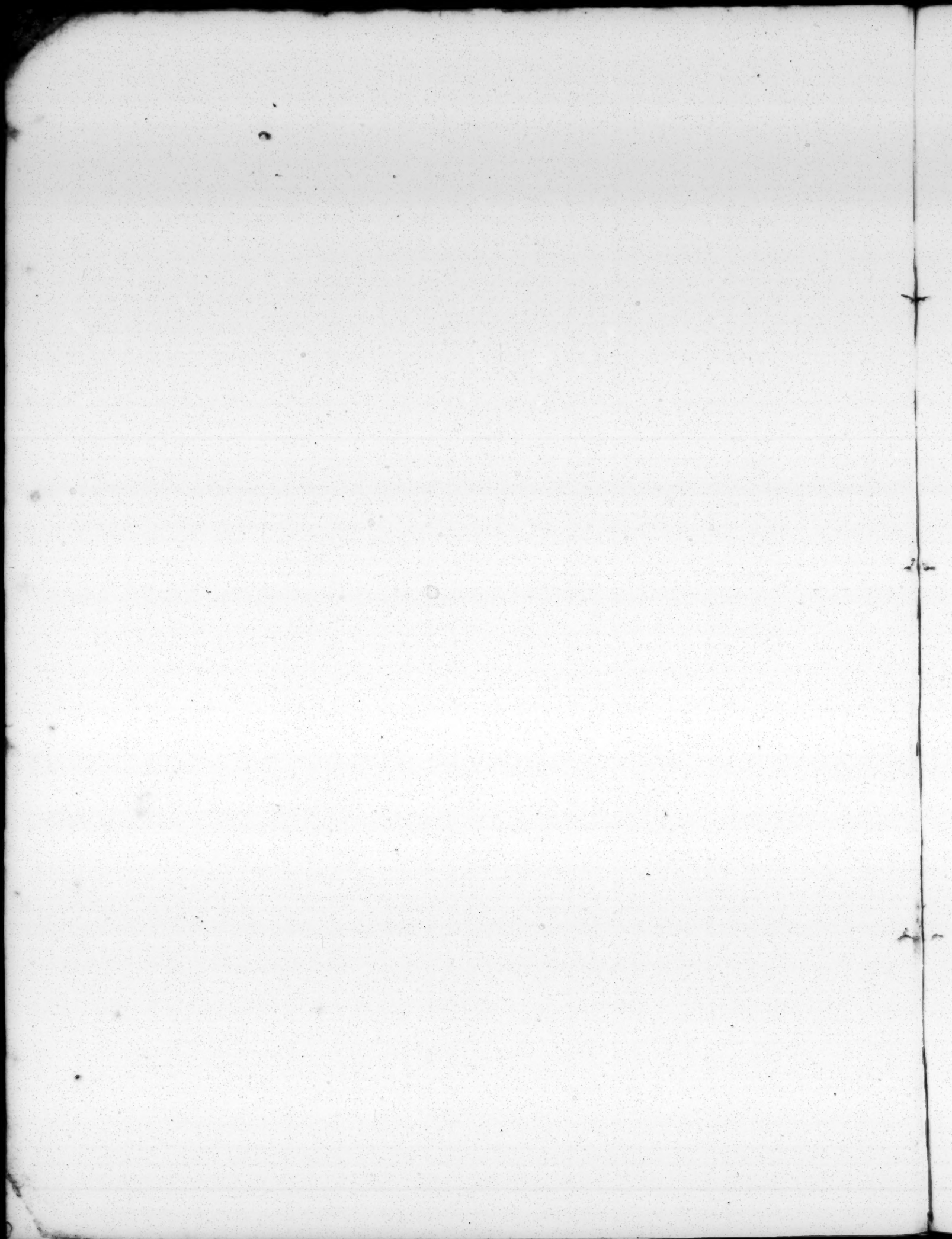


B E L L U S H O M O
E T
A C A D E M I C U S ;
O R T H E
B E A U
A N D T H E
S C H O L A R .

Done into ENGLISH by the Rev. Mr. *MOISES*
Rector of *Keyworth* in *Nottinghamshire*.



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To the
H O N O U R A B L E
Sir T H O M A S P A R K Y N S
O f B U N N Y - P A R K , *Baronet.*

S I R ,



I N C E you have entertain'd such favour-
able Thoughts of the following Translation
as to force it out of the State of Obscurity,
in which it should still have lain: I must
beg leave to inscribe your Name, when I foresee such
need of your Protection.

Hurry, and Inadvertency, which doubtless are them-
selves great Faults, we find often made use of to
cover greater — But this Covering is worn so near,
that it is of very little Advantage. And the World
is wiser than to admit of Negligence as a Cloak to
Insufficiency.

A 2

So

So that, however truly it may be said of that which now comes forth; that it had the ill hap of a hasty Parent, and untimely Birth: I am well aware, to what little purpose it would be to urge any thing in the common Way of Excuse, or Extenuation.

Especially, when I may be told; That the utmost Attention, and Exactness was requisite in an Undertaking of this Nature; to avoid as far as might be the treating unworthily a Performance which was in it's native Dress, so well receiv'd and met with such general Applause from the best Judges.

If therefore it be in vain to attempt such an Apology; and perhaps equally so to declare, that I have not partiality enough to think any thing of mine deserving of the Light: I must wave the one, least it should be thought weak; and drop the other, least I should not be thought sincere: And only wish, that the few into whose Hands I shall chance to fall, may prove courteous and gentle Readers.

However, amidst all these Perplexities about uncertain Events; I have at this Time the Satisfaction of utter-
ing

ing one plain Truth, without the Danger of incurring any Suspicion of Falshood, Forwardness, or Flattery: And that is my great Obligation to Sir THOMAS PARKYNS, my worthy Patron. Of which, I, with Pleasure, take this Opportunity of making my public Acknowledgment. I therefore intreat your Acceptance of my Thanks for your repeated Favours, which are deep in my Mind, and demand my best Wishes, and am

SIR,

Your much oblig'd, and

*Keyworth, Oz.
13. 1733.*

Most Obedient Servant,

EDW. MOISES



Bellus Homo et Academicus.



B. H. **U**SQUE adeo infano juvat indulgere Labori?
 Quin age, mitte Logos cassos, nugasq;
 [Scholarum;

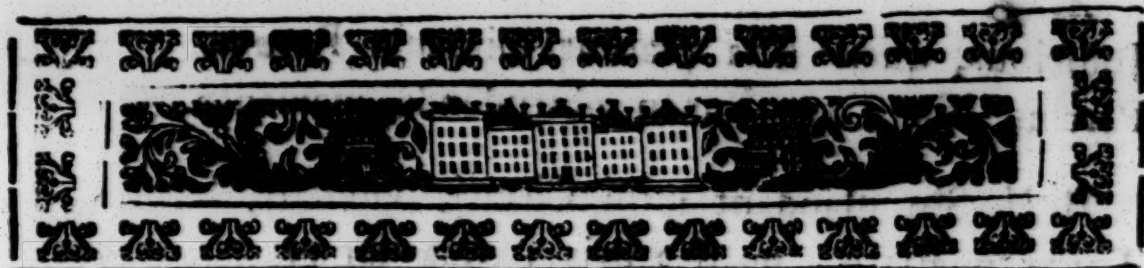
Exue Philosophum, tetricamq; exporrigere frontem.

Acad. Hah! —mihin hæc?—Studiis quis garrulus obstre-
 [pit Hospes?

O! — faciem agnosco — Charissime *Cottile* salve!
 Sed Cure tam nitida, ingressuq; Habituq; decorus
 Tam Lepido, talos a vertice Bellus ad inos,
 Unde redis?

B. H. Lustravi Orbis, Dulcissime rerum,
 Omne latus, Mores ~~Hominum~~ Speculatus et Urbes;
 Qua *Tagus* auricomas effert super æthera Turres,
 Et *Cycladas* rapido *Ganges* interluit æstu.
 Nec, bene si novi me, callet acutior ullus
 Flumina, Terrarumq; situs.

Acad.



T H E

Beau and the Scholar.



B. **S**TILL fruitless Toyl indulge with such Delight,
 Bid empty Words adieu ; School Trifles slight,
 Philosophy apart. — Pray smoothe your Brow,

Sch. To me! — What prattling Guest disturbs me now?
 I know — My dearest *Cottius* I greet.
 In Gait, and Habit neat ; from Head to Feet
 So nice : Whence your Return?—

B. — Sweetest I've been
 Around the Globe ; Men, Manners, Cities seen,
 From golden *Taye* ; whose gilded Turrets rise,
 And hide their Summits in the lofty Skies ;
 To *Indian Ganges*, whose swift Torrent glides,
 'Mid circling Isles, to wash their Rocky Sides.
 If I my self well know, the quickest Eye
 Rivers, or Regions better can't descry.

Acad.

— Fortasse Puellis

Judicibus, queis ficta placent miracula Rerum.
 Parcius ista Togæ tamen obtrudenda memento.

B. H. Sin plaudant mihi Cirrati, laudetq; lepores
 Turba puellaris, pulli gregis invida fanna
 Vellicet, & nasutum illudat Scomnia Sophorum,
 Hoc juvat & melli est.

Acad.

— sed dic, age, quid tibi visa
Gallia? quid Latium potius mememorabile paudit
 Artis Amans, nutrixq;: Quid Æra & Marmora censes,
 Heroum Monumenta, Triumphalesq; Columnas,
 Picturas Pluteosq; antiquæ laudis & Artis?

B. H. — Scilicet Armigeris vacat explorare vetusta
 Rudera deciduasq; Artes! — ea cura fatiget,
 Quos non Res angusta vetat, non Tutor iniquus,
 Pelliculam curare, meri somniq; benignos!
 Multa Italum, fateor, non inconcinna videbam
 Quæ nitida, artisq; ostentant simulachra recentis:
 Sed recolo indignans, curtæ quæ frivola mercis,
 Dimidias Statuas, et prisca numismata jactant,
 Effigiem ante alias, Oculis Nasoq; carentem,
 Si memini bene, *Cæsaream*,
 Delicias Domini, quam vero ærugine putri
 Squallentem, peream, si forcipe sesquipedali
 Attigerim.

Acad.

Scb. Women perhaps for large Belief well known
May be impos'd upon. — Not so the Gown.

B. If *Beaus* and *Belles* my Wit and Air applaud,
I value not the Scoffs of th' envious Crowd
Of Witlings. — This my Joy. —

Scb. — What took your Eye
In *France* or much more fruitful *Italy*?
Lover, and Nurse of Art: What stately Dome
Adorn'd with Monuments of ancient *Rome*?
What Marble, Brass, Triumphal Columns shew
The Hero's Honour, and the Artists due?
What Gallerys or Pictures worth your View?

B. Think you we Squires leisure have to pore
On Arts decay'd; Rubbish o'th' Days of Yore?
Be this their Care: This their Employment be,
Who're neither Rich, nor from rough Tutor free
We've other Business; other Things to mind:
Eat, sleep, enjoy our Bottle, and our Friend.

I own, some Pieces I look'd o're in haste;
Samples of modern Skill would suit my Taste:
But what they so much boast, I cannot bear;
Medals, and mangled Statues — paultry Ware!
One above all I saw — a goodly Prize!
The Owner's Darling, without Nose or Eyes;
I think 'twas *Cæsar's*) —
So nasty, foul, ill-favour'd; pierce my Lungs;
If I would touch it with a pair of Tongues.

B

Scb.

Acad. — Et quæ tanta *Italos* tibi causa videndi,
Cui veneranda Vetustatis Miracula sordent ?

B. H. Ridendæ potius Nugæ ! — Sed non adeo omnis
Effusus Labor est, nec me mea cura fefellit.
Quæ sola in votis fuerant, Juvenesq; politos
Invitare solent Oblectamenta, canoris
Fabellis Italum, Larvatorumq; Choreis
Inteream.

Acad. — (Egregiusq; adeo, pro Judice Morum,
Formarum Spectator adest !)

B. H. — Ibi membra movere
Mollius, invidetq; quod *Handelii* concentus,
Edidici varia argutæ modulamina Vocis.

Sed me præ reliquis dulci Novitate tenebat
Gallia, gnara dapum et cultus, sæcunda politi.
O Mores lepidos ! Lusus Cænasq; Deorum !
Suaviter hic Talis, Cyathis, Choreisq; vacanti
O quam blanda mihi ; quam mellea defluit ætas !

Concinno hinc Tunicam sectus de More, repexus
Hinc, refluas defronte Comas, hinc totus ad unguem.
Factus Homo, Nymphas inter molli eliquo Voce
Versiculam fors dimidium, argutumve Leporem.

Muneris & vestri est totum, ornatissima Tellus,
Quod placeam (et certum est me perplacuisse) Puellis ;
Quod me depercant, quas expugnare decenni
Obsidio, vobis haud concessere Camænæ,
Haud Logicæ, Technæ, nodosæ haud illius Artes —
Quis fuit ? — Oteneo Nomen ! Py — *Pythagogora.*

Acad.

Sch. In *Italy* what could your Fancy please
Who slight such ancient Monuments as these?

B. Mere Trifles all! — Yet I may justly boast
My Aim not mist nor was my Labour lost.
What all Well-bred wish and admire I had
In Music, Opera's and Masquerade.

Sch. (Sweet judge of Manners this; whose Search
Forms, Faces, Fashions!) — [might prove

B. ——— O how I could move
My pliant Limbs! Then for a warbling Throat,
Handel may envy me; not reach my Note.
But *France* all other Parts doth far excel
In Dyet, Dress; Living, and looking well.
Sweet pleasing Course! Balls, Entertainments, Plays,
Cups, and Quadrille! O how I spent my Days!
Well shap'd Attire, and Locks which backward flow
The Man complete, even to a little Shew.
Among the Nymphs comes forth in softer Tone,
A Verse, half, or smart saying of my own.
Accomplish'd Land! 'Tis owing to thine Air
That I could please (and sure have pleas'd) the Fair:
Hence 'tis that with a Glance I Conquest gain,
While you a ten Years Siege attempt in vain.
With Muses, Logic-Quirks; and think who 'twas
With's knotty Arts — O *Pythagoras*.

Acad. Pulchrum operæ pretium! post tedia longa viarum
 Exhaustosq; Maris casus, multa induis Arte,
 Quicquid ridendum est, aptus Conviva Puellis, —
 Pollicitus meliora tuis! — Non iste *Solonem*
 Impulit, aut *Ciceronem* animus (veneranda Sophorum
 Lumina! natalem mutare, aliosq; calentes
 Sole sequi Terras exculti hinc *Roma* superbit;
 Elogii pollens, hinc exornantur *Athenæ*
 Moribus hinc Vitæ præcepta haurire Nepotum
 Secla sciant ventura.

B. H. — Satis fortassis *Athenis*
 Arridere isti poterant rigidove Popello
Romulidum; — nec nostri adeo sum fautor ineptus
 Ut non hoc fatear; sed dispereat male totus
 Grex veterum; redeant omnes licet (horridus ordo,
 Futile nescio quid ructans, nugæq; canoras)
 Enoriar, si natus ego melioribus Amis,
 Tantilli digitos inter pulvisculi haberem: —
 Barbatos Pueros! — Quin rusticus audiet ille,
 Quem non expoliit *Parisinæ* lima *Palestræ*,
 Exemplar Morum.

Acad. — Heu! vitiis mutabile quantis!
 Ingenuosam adeo Pubem elimare sequacem,
 Ut præter rutilas, fragmenta exilia, Nugas
 Nil superet! — Bene me finxit Natura pusilli
 Exiguique amini, vanam averfantis Opellam

Stultitiæ

Sch. Pretty Return! — after a tedious Train,
 Hardships by Land, and Hazards on the Main!
 Fondly you represent what Fools may praise,
 What must in others Scorn or Laughter raise.
 Effeminate and vain! — Not such the Views
 Of anxious Friends, whose Hopes you thus abuse!
 Not such was *Cicero's* or *Solon's* aim;
 Lights of the learned World, whose generous Flame
 Will future Ages warm! — Their native Soil
 Left for hot Climes — Enrich'd with learned Spoil
Athens and *Rome*. — Hence sound Morality,
 And Eloquence —

B. ——— Why truly, to be free.
 It must be own'd that Sages such as these
Athenians might, or rigid *Romans* please.
 But curs'd be the old Tribe (a dreadful Train!
 Who utter'd Trifles in low sounding Strain)
 Were they alive again, then let me die,
 If with this Pinch of Snuff their worth should vye:
 Mere bearded Boys! much happier our Days,
 And much more fam'd for well accomplish'd Ways:
 When each One's rough without the *Paris* File,
 Pattern of all that's fine! —

Sch. ——— Of all that's vile.
 Ingenuous Youth alas! thus polish'd lose
 What's worthy all; and glitt'ring Trifles chuse.
 Nature me form'd with moderate Desire;
 Dislike o'th' shining Follies you admire.

Stultitiæ ingenuæ. Sin garrulitate procaci,
 Ridicule lepido incessu, pannisque venustis,
 Captarem plausus inhiantisque ora popelli,
 En mihi, mutato Cælo quod tu petis, hic est:
 Est ubicunq; salit resilitq; in fune trementi
 Schœnobates; seu gesticulans manibus pedibusque
 Lascivit varie Puparum mobile Lignum,
 Non sua verba loquens. Quin parva laude fruaris,
 Egregius fatuus; potius me sub Lare parvo,
 Occlusum, & studiis florentem nobilis oti,
 Pure tranquillet fallentis semita Vitæ.

B. H. Non equidem invideo; at Juvénium deliria miror,
 Parca utcunque animis Natura indulserit Ignem,
 Quos non alloquio fociisque carere culullis
 Pœnitet, assiduisque super pallefcere Chartis;
 Indicto ventri bello, nisi dente fatigant
 Unguem avido arrosam, miseros extundere Versus
 Solliciti. — Et quorsum hæc molimina? nempe senescit
 Grex miser in curis, statua taciturnior ipsa,
 Ludibrium Populi aut fallit, sine laude latefcens,
 Indocilis rerum, nisi quas angusta repandit
 Claustra laris proprii.

Acad. At generosos parce procaci
 Scommate, non æquus Censor, perstringere Mores.

Non

Were I inclin'd the gaping Crowd to gain,
 By Habit, Gait, or Talk profusely vain :
 To distant Nations there's no need to roam,
 For what is daily practis'd here at home.
 Rope-Dancers, Tumblers, Puppets too, which owe
 Motion and Speech to others, this can do.
 Th' Applause you've wisely gain'd, may you enjoy,
 While learned Books my leisure Hours employ.
 In lowly Cell retir'd from Noise, and Strife,
 May I slide o'er the slippery Paths of life!

B. I envy not: Their folly I admire,
 (Nature however sparing of her Fire)
 Who even in Youth their Moments joyless pass,
 Without the Friend, the Fair One, or the Glass,
 Poring o'er musty Papers they grow pale;
 Nor ought the Teeth must touch but tender Nail,
 'Till they have beat from their unfertile Brain
 Some wretched Metre in low, creeping Strain:
 Full well we know, where their dry Labour ends,
 And what Success their fruitless Toil attends.
 As they grow older, they more useless grow;
 Like Statues mute, like Statues senseless too.
 Strangers in Life, unvers'd in artful Ways,
 Despis'd they pass, unmourn'd they end their Days:
 Cloyster'd in dull Abode! —

Sch. Not so severe.
 Let something of the Gentleman appear.

Non magis his aliena malis, aut purior usquam
 Vita agitur; studiis curæ est ante omnia mentem
 Excolere Ingenuis; sed non ita totus in hoc sum,
 Quin vacet alternæ ad libitum indulgere quieti,
 Seu placeat sylvas inter reptare salubres,
 Seu modicos inter cyathos humescere mulcensque
 Innocuo lusu, aut lepido sermone sodales
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia Vitæ.
 Nec refert quantilla tenent nos tecta; latefcens
 Tutius hic Lare sub parvo, præcurro viarum
 Tædia longarum, pelagique pericula passos;
 Dum mihi depictos pandit revolubilis Orbis
 Terrasq; tractusq; maris, disjunctaq; longe
 Saxa per & Montes me raptat amabilis error.
 Hic quoque, quod frustra est alienis quærere Terris,
 Acrias tentare Domos, Cœlique meatus
 Observare sequaci animo datur, indice Charta.
 Quid si Naturæ cæcos penetrare recessus,
 Et rerum Causas libet indagare latentes?
 Quicquid jactat *Arabs*, *Italusve*, aut decolor *Indus*,
 Herbarumq; virens, & Gemmarum lucidus Ordo,
 Reptiliumque, aviumque, insuetaque Monstra Ferarum,
 Hic uno intuitu, innocuoq; timore videntur.

O! Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
 Purior irriguis quos *Isis* perluit undis,
Oxonidas! queis nulla suas Terra invidet Artes,

Queis.

Before you judge, the Case should well be weigh'd,
Nor Prejudice, or Passion be obey'd.

Too harsh your Censure, nearer Search will shew
How little of our Character you know.

Life's no where spun out with an even Thread;
Or with more Peace and Innocency lead.

Our chief Concern is to improve the Mind,
For stronger Light, and nobler Views design'd.

Nor yet so busy'd, but we can unbend,
And leisure Moments to Diversions lend.

Thus we for Health walk in the wholesome Groves;
Or moist'ning Glass a meet Refreshment proves.

And mirthful Company, or hurtless Play,
Fills up the Vacance of each fleeting Day.

The sweet Amusement of unsettled Course,
Or Strength decay'd, or Spirit sunk restores.

What tho' confin'd to such a scanty Cell?
I'm less unquiet, and I live as well.

Here of all Hazzards, and all Hardships eas'd,
Not tir'd with Journeying, nor with Dangers teiz'd.

I have the World upon a circling Sphere,
Easy acquire what costs the Traveller dear:

Rocks, Rivers, Hills, inhospitable Fields;
All these at once the pleasing Prospect yields.

Then the Twin-Globe aerial Tracts displays,
Celestial Houses, Planetary Ways,

Not trod by Feet of Men —

Would we then Nature's darkest Footsteps trace,
Search hidden Causes, and unveil her Face. What'ere

Queis totos, cæcis non sponte exuta latebris,
 Expandit Natura sinus, victusque labore
 Ingenioque *Asomole*, tuo in compendia Mundus
 Mira redit, patiturque angusto in limite claudi.
Hispalis, *Escuriaque*, suis sacra mœnia Musis,
 Et *Vaticani* fileat miracula *Roma*:
Bodleiana Domus caput altius inserit astris,
 Dives opum variarum, aliumque *Helicon* repandit,
 Palantes socians *Musas*, qua scrinia libris
 Evolvens fœta omnigenis studiosa Juventus
 Colloquio potitur veterum, & commercia linguæ
 Multiplicis colit, in terris peregrina paternis
 Undique componens, quæ mox depromere possit.

Sic crudas Bombyx telas induta superbit;
 At cito, deductum fuerit cum textile filum,
 In Flores abit & Fructus, sylvasque virentes;
 Aut Musa potior, fidos enarrat amores,
 Fœminea in miras variabilis arte figuras.

F I N I S.

What'ere th' *Arabian*, or *Italian* boasts;
 Or is admir'd on dusky *Indian's* Coasts
 Birds, Reptiles, Herbs, and Rows of Adamant bright,
 And Monsters see; nor Fear disturbs our Sight.

O greatly happy! did themselves but know,
 On whom the purer Streams of *Isis* flow!
 No distant Nation envies you your Skill
 In Nature's Works; who does your Wish fulfil.
 To your industrious Search her Bosom's bare;
 The World in Miniature is *Asbmole's* Care.

Let *Seville* or th' *Escorial* boast no more,
 Nor *Rome* her *Vatican* with wondrous Store:
 The rich *Bodleian* Dome it's Head doth raise;
 Afresh the *Heliconian* Fountain plays.
 The straggling *Muses* joyn'd, the Youth inspire,
 And warm their Bosoms with uncommon Fire.
 With ancient Worthies they free converse hold,
 And foreign Words their Meaning here unfold.
 Hence studious Minds much learned Treasure store,
 And with Addition give what they laid up before.

So the Silk-worm in unwrought Web looks gay,
 Till th' yielding Threads some artful Hand obey.
 Then to Fruits, Flow'rs, or greenest Woods it turns
 More lively shews how faithful Lover burns;
 Than sprightly Muse: Thus the fair Artist's Hand,
 Varying oft will wondrous Forms command.

T H E E N D.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
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TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
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